The Watch City Bulletin

1900 - 1904

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McKenna Brennan Wetherbee

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OUR STAFF

THE WATCH CITY BULLETIN

Graduation Number

LEON G. CHASE, Editor and Manager.

Associate Editors:

E. WINSLOW FISKE, '04 — JAMES McKENNA, '05

GEORGE BRENNAN, '06 — ALBERT WETHERBEE, '07

Vol. VIII No. 7. — MAY – JUNE, 1904 — Price 10 Cents.

IT seems justly fitting at the close of the year to extend some words of thanks to the many people who have helped to make the BULLETIN a success. It has been a year of success. From every side we have received encouragement, by word, deed, and with the "sinews of war," financial support. With untried hands we assumed the management and editorial work of the paper, but with the determination to succeed at whatever cost of strength and time, taking the watch-word of Waltham's great citizen, soldier and statesman, Nathaniel Banks, as our guide, —"Success is a duty." To prove our estimate at the first, we present to our patrons this enlarged Graduation number, in honor of the Senior class, whose departure from school life we regret, yet feel their entrance upon the "arena of life" to be a goal well gained.

. . . .

And while we are extending general thanks, we wish to specify our special word to those who have extended a helping hand on many occasions. For this number his Honor Mayor Harvey should receive almost the lion's share, as he stepped aside from a busy professional and public life to give us words from his fund of experience and good will. To our former honored and beloved teacher, Oliver P. Watts, we extend congratulations. His timely words from his new home will be read by pupils, alumni and public, with great pleasure. There is an old saying well said, "When you want a thing done, go to a busy person for it." So out of the golden moments of a busy life Mrs. Ida Louise Gibbs has never been "too busy" to give our readers of her store of choice thoughts. Genial sub-master, Mr. Burke, gave us a leader in his "Birth of an Ice Berg," carrying his readers through "untried lands o'er untried seas" to the world of the midnight sun. There are others to whom we owe our thanks for pen productions, as follows: Mr. Archie Noble, Mr. Lewis Smith, Mr. E. Winslow Fiske, Mr. Harry Frost, Mr. W. Royce Taylor, Miss Grace Seabury, Miss Harriet Williams, Miss Evelyn Spring, Mr. Chas. Boyd, Mr. John Roy Gilbert, Mr. Raymond Taylor and the able board of editors, E. Winslow Fiske '04, James McKenna '05, George Brennan '06 and Albert Wetherbee '07; to the Waltham Evening Times and Free-Press Tribune for use of cuts, and last but not least to those who have borne the brunt of the battle, "our advertisers."

. . . .

The good wishes of the remaining classes go with the Seniors in their new field of work.

. . . .

On every occasion we have found our Principal, Mr. Eaton, ever ready to aid us by "smoothing the thorny path" of the manager and editors of THE WATCH CITY BULLETIN.

SALUTATORY

MISS MARTHA JARVIS.

Friends of the elass of nineteen hundred and four, in behalf of my fellow graduates, I extend to you a most eordial weleome to these the final exereises of the year. Eaeh one of us is here for an espeeial purpose. We eannot but feel impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, yet, at the same time, the pleasure of antieipation is ours. We have our lives before us, and with the admirable preparation for the future whieh we have had, we should not utterly fail.

The interest which you, our friends, the people of Waltham have taken in us throughout our school life, has been unfailing. When WE have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of helping to bear the expense of the public schools, THEN, we shall more fully appreciate your constant, unselfish support. You have assured the suceess of our finaneial undertakings. To whatever eall we have made upon you, in the past, you have responded willingly and generously, and have given us, at all times, the eneouragement which we most needed. You are all most sineerely welcome.

Some are here, to whom these exereises have as mueh signifieanee as they do to us. Mothers and fathers, who have taught us our life lessons, who have made many a saerifiee that we might gain thereby; you are the ones who, by your presenee here, give us inspiration to begin our new life well. The experienees which are just opening before us, have already been yours. You know the seriousness of life; while we see only its bright side, and ean beeome wise only by our own experienee. May your watehful, loving eare of us continue through many years to eome.

To our speaker, to Dr. Henson, whom we have invited to be with us, we would give a welcome, warm and sincere. You, our honored guest, have won suecess. Can you not tell us how it may be found? Will you not grant us some encouragement for the future? We all welcome you with renewed expressions of cordiality.

Members of the school-eommittee, we greet you, to whom we owe a debt of gratitute for the thirteen sunny years of study and pleasure which we have had. Under your management, we have had provided for us, the best advantages for the highest education. You have given us our conscientious teaehers, who, by their personal interest and good will, have had sueh a marked influence upon our lives. You have made it possible for us to be here and say, "It is a privilege to be a pupil of the Waltham publie sehools."

Onee more, in the name of the class of 1904, of the High Sehool, and of our teaehers, I weleome to these graduation exercises, with cordial and sincere greeting, all who have gathered here.

A LETTER FROM WISCONSIN

DEAR FRIENDS:

I will gladly give the school through the columns of the WATCH CITY BULLETIN a glimpse of my little corner in the University of Wisconsin. If you visit the Exposition at St. Louis this summer you can see the whole university there, in miniature.

It may perhaps surprise you to learn that this heretofore unheard of institution is one of the great universities of the country, with nearly three thousand students.

Madison is about the size of Waltham, and is situated on a narrow strip of land between two lakes. The university grounds are upon an elevation on the shore of the larger lake, and so are very pleasantly located. There are fifteen large buildings not including the farm buildings of the college of agriculture. The finest of these is the library building, which is the best that I have yet seen at any institution of learning.

My work here consists mainly of that newest of the sciences, electrochemistry. It is difficult to tell in a few words the scope of electrochemistry. It includes the principles involved in the manufacture and use of electric batteries, both primary and secondary, the theory of electroplating, and the electro-deposition of metals, this production by electrolysis of such substances as caustic soda, bleaching powder, potassium chlorate, aluminium, gold, and sodium, the purification of copper and gold, and the production in the electric furnace of phosphorus, manganese, calcium carbide, carbarundum, graphite, artificial corundum, silicon and silicon alloys. It is a remarkable fact that silicon, the most abundant of all the elements, with the single exception of oxygen, an element which constitutes by weight one-fourth of the known earth, should have remained a chemical curiosity, seen only by a few even among chemists, until electrical methods made its isolation possible on a large scale. The next ten years will undoubtedly see valuable applications of it. It is already finding a use in the casting of steel and copper. Although the science of electrochemistry is scarcely fifteen years old, about high school age, it has already displaced the older, purely chemical methods in certain industries, as the manufacture of phosphorus aluminum and potassium chlorate. Three fourths of the world's production of copper is now purified by electroylsis, i. e. just electro-plating it out of solution, with an annual saving of twenty million dollars in the gold and silver extracted, besides a great improvement in the copper by the removal of these impurities. The superior purity of electrolytic copper has greatly increased the efficiency of dynamos, motors, and all electrical machinery.

Electrochemistry, besides producing some well known substances more cheaply and in greater purity than by any other means, has given us new substances, like calcium, carbide and carborundum, which as far as we know, had never existed until made in the electric furnace. An important piece of experimental work has recently been completed here in the electro-chemical laboratory, in the production of pure iron by electrolysis. The properties of pure iron are unknown, for, if it has ever been obtained before, the amount has been too small to learn much about it. Prof. Burgess has made about five hundred pounds of it in the three years that he has been experimenting.

There are two different principles involved in the manufacture of chemicals by means of electricity, that of electrolysis, in which materials are decomposed by the agency of an electric current passed through them, just as when you send a current through salt dissolved in water, and secondly, that of the electric furnace, in which the only use of the electricity is to produce a higher temperature (about 3800° C or 6870° F) than can be obtained by any other means. At this great heat new combinations of the chemical elements take place, and several series of new compounds have been made.

You would probably like to know what sort of thing this wonder-working electric furnace is. Those that I have been using are very simple in construction. Imagine a box built of fire-brick with two large carbons projecting into it to carry the current. An electric furnace is only a magnified electric light shut up in the box to keep in the heat, and just as there are arc and incandescant lights, there are "arc" and "resistance" furnaces. In the former an arc is formed between the ends of the large carbons, and in the latter a rod of carbon several inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter is set between the large carbons. When a current of about two hundred amperes is turned on, this rod is heated until

its light almost equals that of the arc. One glance at this is quite enough. In this way heat is constantly poured into our brick box until the desired temperature is attained, or the bricks melt. One frequently finds on opening a furnace that half a brick has melted away into the bottom of the furnace. For very powerful currents, furnaces must be lined with carbon, as every other substance melts at this intense heat, and even carbon is slowly vaporized. The hardest and most durable rocks quickly melt. An electric furnace in action is sometimes an awe-inspiring spectacle. In making silicon, jets of flame six or eight inches long shoot from the furnace and light the room more brightly than if the sun were shining in at all the windows. These flames of the burning vapor of silicon are just as dazzling to look at as the sun itself. Many other metals also distil out of the furnace and burn, so that the room is often so filled with smoke that in spite of three windows, the door and a ventilator in the roof all open, we are compelled to retreat out of doors.

A curious danger attending work about an electric furnace is that of "sunburn." My wrists smart from it now. The eyes must be shielded from the direct light of the arc or of burning silicon, etc The men who work in the furnace room have the appearance of coal heavers, for the finely ground carbon that is often used as a reducing agent, is blown out by the gases generated and settles over all persons and things indiscriminately. Yet in spite of the dirt and the disagreeble fumes I derive more pleasure from my experiments with the electric furnace than from any others. It is the exploration of a newly discovered continent in the world of chemistry. An experiment of a few days ago may give you an idea of the intense heat of the electric furnace. I melted some brass, intending to add something else to it, but the zinc distilled out and burned in the air, leaving the copper behind. This principle of fractional distillation was made use of in preparing the specimen of chromium now in the chemical laboratory of the high school. The sodium of the sodium dichromate, from which it was made, distilled away in a torrent of fumes.

The way in which the furnace room was set on fire a month ago shows even better the terrific heat of the furnace. This particular one consisted of a sheet iron box two and a half feet long with a double layer of fire-brick all around and on the bottom. The current had been on all day, and was turned off at five P. M. There was no sign of fire then, nor at midnight when the last man left the furnace room; yet when the engineer came at seven the next morning the woodwork in the room was about burned up. The heat within the furnace, had, during the night been conducted down through two layers of fire-brick and the five inches of the cement table top, and so set fire to the wooden supports beneath.

Such heat as this is beyond the capacity of the high school equipment, but any experiments in electrolysis, and even a small arc furnace, the equal of that with which Moisson began his world-renowned researches in electrochemistry, are within the range of the school outfit, and I feel sure that any boy who once becomes interested in this fascinating field of experiment will not willingly give it up.

With best wishes to my boys and girls of the High school, I am.

Sincerely yours,

OLIVER P. WATTS.

Hodge
Greene, Mgr. Stone, Asst. Mgr. Staples
Kearsley White Fraim Quirk Lynch
McKenna Coye
Riley Taylor, Capt.

1904 BASE BALL TEAM

PROPHESY OF THE CLASS OF 1904

DANA PARKINSON.

It cost me a quarter to write this. I paid it for a ticket to an exhibition which was even more wonderful than that of liquid air. Mr. Burke ran a phono-biograph, or in other words, a combination of a phonograph and a moving-picture machine. It was a wonderful entertainment and seemed almost miraculous. The audience was to see the events of history take place; and not only that, but they were to hear the sound made at the same time. It would have been a good place for the class historian, had all gone well.

At the beginning of the show, the garden of Eden was thrown onto the screen, and Adam and Eve were seen strolling down the shady lane of apple trees. They were talking, I suppose, but it sounded more like the bark of dogs.

The last thing which we saw in the Garden, was the quarrel between Cain and Abel. Cain had just drawn his revolver on Abel, when the operator jumped fully six inches into the air and uttered a war-whoop that would have made an Indian jealous. The wires in the transformer had crossed by accident, so that instead of four amperes, the number required to run the apparatus there were three thousand passing through it. No wonder the man jumped when he touched the machine. It fairly roared and the speed increased every instant. Events in history passed with lightning rapidity, so fast that it took a moment to adapt ones eyes to the speed. The first thing that I could see at all after the accident was Alexander climbing the Alps on an elephant. He came down the other side in an automobile and in almost no time he was crossing the Deleware in one of Roy Gilbert's liquid-air flying machines, which was operated by its limbless inventor himself. It seems Roy had given up rowing for something exciting.

They stopped at L. E. A's grist mill for provisions. When the miller opened the slide for the grain to come out, it flowed a moment and then stopped short. Phil, the hired man who was always on time to take his part, was sent aloft to investigate. He found the hopper full of grain but besides this there were two feet sticking out of the middle of it. Phil saw at a glance that he could not move them, so he called in Callahan, who was just then jumping a six foot fence. Their united efforts were of no avail, even after Bailey had been called in to arrange a block and tackle.

Hulda was not used to things in that form, and knew not what to do; besides Alexander was in a hurry, which seemed to rattle her. To her great relief, Glancy appeared and things took on a different aspect. Clifford went up-stairs, or rather flew as it seemed to us, and taking a shoe in each hand, he pulled out a man, who was found to be holding in his hands, another pair of feet. After more pulling another man appeared. They were afterwards identified as Wright and Mulhall, who were as inseparable as ever. They were probably related to that friend of Mr. Eaton, and had passed the night in the grain bin, trying to pull each other out. Isa Richardson and Eva Ellis drove up with an ambulance, and carted them off in behalf of the Woman's Relief Corps.

While this trouble was going on, Furbush, with a a right arm at least twelve inches in diameter, was shoeing Alexander's elephants in his smithy opposite the mill. Now that the grain was free to flow, the flying machine was soon loaded with its provisions, and started on its travels; but it had not gone far when it stopped in mid-air, as if Alexander was listening for something which we could not hear because of the roaring of the biograph.

This something proved to be a Salvation Army meeting in a street below. Miss Freeman had just finished a stump speech, when the music was led off by Alice Griffin playing a comb. She was accompanied by Maud Estabrooks with a zobo, and Marion Ripley with an accordian.

After the occupant of the air-ship had been straining his ears in vain for some time to catch a sound from the meeting, Miss Thomas and Miss King started to sing with might and main, completely drowning the noise of the runaway phonograph, and causing the air-ship to depart at a high rate of speed with Alexander holding his hands over his ears. Nevertheless Raymond Taylor could be seen below giving chase with one of the 2-40 market horses, dressed as a jockey in his base-ball suit.

The events so far had passed in less than a minute. The next scene was a school house, in which Mildred Robinson was teaching plane geometry. Across the stone wall Percival, five feet high and four in diameter, was teaching solid with a full beard. At recess the children were entertained by Dick Warren and a dancing bear which he had trapped. The two were fastened together by a chain.

A bill board flashed by, reading "Bertha May Putney at the Endecott all this week. E. W. Fiske will entertain the audience between the acts with a troupe of monkeys, apes, gorillas, and rag dolls, among whom he has spent a life time."

Following the bill board, Joe Wellington stood in a street selling sweet cider by the two-quart bottle. Behind him was a bulletin board of the daily paper, "04," edited by Flora Hamlett. In big headlines was an account of an invention of cast iron pants for school boys, made by George Brackett. They were warranted proof against tacks or any other instrument of torture. Just below this, the bulletin announced that Miss Leonard is still the most popular school ma'am, having passed a 4000 mark, and bids fair to go to the exposition of 1925.

Scenes began to whiz by so fast now that they could not be seen, but soon the speed slackened a little and a large department store was visible. In one part Hollis Staples conducted millinery parlors; in the other Tommie Whitney kept a barber's shop. His horse-clipping machine was run by a Smith and Eldridge perpetual motion attachment, which hummed to the tune of "My Maryland," continually. This firm had gained renown the world over and their factories worked day and night to supply the market. Next door to the department store Carl Safford was leading a symphony orchestra, in which Sousa played the triangle.

Crowds were passing from the Symphony to a near-by lunch cart. Proprietor Percy Frazer seemed a little more careful about making change than when working for Ross.

The scene now changed to a town in South America. It was Santiago, on whose boulevard a street car appeared, drawn by a mule. Maria Hessson was the motor-man and Katrina Graveson the conductor. The car stopped, and while the conductor held the motor, Miss Taber and Miss Locke alighted. From their conversation I learned that Miss Taber had organized a nurses' training school in Chili, which equaled the Waltham school. Her companion was on a vacation after having made a reconciliation between the miners and their employers, so that coal could once more be had by the common people. She told how Mabel Bond had returned to Waltham with a large fortune, after ten years absence, and given the High school a fine gymnasium in a building all by itself. She shared her wealth, giving it where it was most needed.

Looking at the street car again, I saw the motor lying in the middle of the street refusing to get up, regardless of the clubbings it received.

A Chinese laundry came into view, within, Miss Thibodeau was sprinkling clothes after the real Chinese method, which combines refreshment with utility. Ida Somers sat behind the counter with brush and ink, making laundry checks, while Beth Fitz had just finished washing the chop sticks, used at their last meal. Outside, as an attraction for merchant's week, Annie Halleran was grinding a hurdy-gurdy, while Dot Mosher played a tambourine and whistled merrily "Sweet Annie Moore."

The busy city life disappeared, and in its place came a frog farm. After graduating at a normal school, Marion Barnes and B. Webster had made a living by selling frogs' legs to restaurants and swell hotels. In the centre of the farm was the amputating machine. The frogs hopped in at one end and out of the other leaving their legs behind them.

To the left of this farm was a magnificent house owned and occupied by Eliot Hughes, and his wife. After a long and patient courtship, he had married Alice Parks of Cambridge, and Geo. Woodferne was hired as his chief butler. Eliot spent his spare time teaching advance senior latin for fun.

Quite a distance to the right of the old maid's estate, was another large mansion with a sign in front reading, "Mattie Jarvis, musician and artist; carriage painting a specialty." She had just finished painting the house and was then starting on the sidewalk and street in front.

In a field to the rear of this, Russell Hyde sat before an easel, while not far from him were two cats with their tails tied together. When one moved the other moved in the opposite direction. Thus he was able to keep them still long enough to serve as his models. His painting lacked nothing but feeling.

In the last scene, Mildred Green was teaching French and German in Tuskegee Normal school, while on a street opposite, Arthur Farley was stirring up a rumpus. He had just broken a penny-in-the-slot machine, when a husky policeman tried to arrest him.

By this time the biograph trembled and squeaked fearfully. Farley struck the officer one of his 600 pound blows, and at that very instant, the phonobiograph broke into a thousand atoms, Farley's last words "giebs weiter."

Yet as the last faint murmurs died away,
Methought I heard a distant echo say,
"Who saw these wonders, boys, and girls and all?"
And I made answer briefly, "Hiram Small."

REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S ATHLETICS

LEON G. CHASE.

Probably every person who will read this artiele is familiar with the reeord and aehievements of the 1903 foot-ball team. But nevertheless it will not be out of plaee to reeall to mind the outline of last falls work. The latter part of August was when the squad went to Whalom lake for preliminary praetice and it was ten days later when they returned well satisfied with the good time which all had had and with an everlasting memory of those "Whalom breakfasts." The time at Whalom was taken up with practice at nine and four each day with swimming, boating, raeing and other equally amusing sports between times.

The bowling alley especially took the bulk of the fellows pocket money. All the fellows are looking forward for an equally good time next fall when the squad will go up for the second time. Last year the foot-ball team won eleven of twelve games played and tied the other. It went through the year scoring one hundred ninety-four points on its opponents wnile only eleven points were scored against them, which is reeord to be proud of. A team as good as, if not better than the 1903 team is expected next fall as each man will have had experience in games played last year.

Next in the eourse of athletics eame hoekey and basket-ball. Waltham was not represented by a sehool team in either sport, but much interest was aroused by games between class teams.

In the former sport the condition of the ice prevented many games being played, but it was generally agreed that the Juniors possessed the best team.

But in basket-ball, games were being played every afternoon, either by the boys or the girls. The most basket-ball spirit was eentered between the Junior and Sophomore classes. In the former elass was many good players as there were in the latter also, and some very interesting and elose games were played. The Juniors played series of games with the South Boston Evening High sehool and sueceeded in winning two of the three and won the series. The only outside game the '06 team played was in Maynard hall with the Waltham Independents and had no difficulty in defeating them. Their is material in the school whieh next year can be rounded into shape and a eraek-a-jack team be formed if the interest is high enough.

Among the '05 and '06 girls intense rivalry prevailed and many exeiting games were played. As a result of a game played between the two teams in Endeeott hall this year in whieh the Juniors were vietorious, the teams are in possession of a neat little sum to begin their season with next winter.

It has been a well known faet that we have some good material with which to form a track team but it was never demonstrated until this spring when our sehool was represented by an inexperieneed but gritty team whieh though not winning a prize gave promise of a strong team in the future. Waltham High was defeated by Coneord High in the relay raee at the sehool-boy meet in Mechanies building, but for all their defeat ran a plueky raee.

The erews whieh represented Waltham High this spring were both good ones, and laeked only the experienee, Gilbert being the only veteran in the first boat. The first erew reached the semi-finals but were beaten out for the finals. The second erew rowed a plueky race and what they lacked in weight made up in grit. They pulled a game race but failed to qualify in the finals. The outlook for a sueeessful erew next year is bright, as each man will be experienced. So let us hope better luek awaits us next year.

In base-ball Waltham has one of the best teams she ever had, and if only a coaeh eould have been proeured at the beginning of the season we would have had a winning team, but as it is we have a team which has done good work throughout the season. A good schedule has been played and Waltham has won a majority of its games and if it had not been for a streak of hard luek here and there, a few more games might be added to the bright side of the record. At the beginning of the season the team was provided with new suits purehased from the sporting house of Wright & Ditson, Boston, and certainly presents a good appearanee in them. They have been defeated by Boston College Prep's, Arlington Ballou and Hobigand, Dorchester, and the W. A. C. while they have trimmed Watertown twiee, Flat Steels, Jewels, Coehicuate, Hyde Park and Wellesley. Owing to the laek of spaee an account of the personal achievements of each player is impossible, but in general they have given the pitchers good support and have at times shown surprising batting ability.

Taking all in all the athletic season has been a success, and while Waltham has shown brilliantly in one branch of sport they have never been out-of-the-running in any, and have always been able to give their opponents a stiff game in whatever sport they have contended.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1904

MARION BARNES.

As Historian, for the Class of 1904, I will try to relate as briefly as possible, the history of this class, which has, in our estimation, had so many interesting events in its four years in the High School.

In September 1900, we first met as a class in the Old High School. As is natural, we felt proud of the fact that we were Freshmen, and doubtless our faces made this fact known. The usual reception was tendered us by the upper classes; and here, for the first time, we came into contact with the Class of 1903, who were proud to be no longer Freshmen, and made themselves generally noticeable.

All necessary matters were explained before we went to recitations. We had been warned beforehand that Miss Frost would expect everyone to have a pencil and note-book ready, so, confident in having thus pleased her, some of us filed to her recitation. We had been told that Miss Frost was a rather "awe-inspiring" person, but to our astonishment she exacted no arduous tasks from us for our first lessons. Physics was a new subject and immediately appealed to us, as well as did its teacher.

At the end of the first day, considering our lessons for the next, we took home more books than we have ever taken since. At the close of school, groups, discussing this new school life, could be seen all along Church street.

About one month after the opening of school, we elected our class officers. On the eleventh of October, 1900, we held our first class meeting, at which Mr. Burke presided as chairman. Miss Phyllis Thompson was appointed secretary pro. tem. and the business of the meeting proceeded. We chose Alfred T. Ball, as president; Dorothy L. Mosher, vice-president; Phyllis Thompson, secretary; E. Winslow Fiske, treasurer. Since this was our first class meeting, it was long, but shorter ones followed.

Soon we decided to choose our class colors, and have a pin. This was something unusual for a Freshman class to do, and we formed, thereby, a precedent for other classes. Even the Class of 1903 profited by our example, and decided that they would have pins, although they were then only Sophomores.

In the early part of November, we had a class meeting, and made plans for a social. This was a brilliant affair, and very much unlike the usual Freshman socials, of which one hears so many rumors. Either our boys were not bashful, or our girls were not, for both seemed to enjoy each other's company. This social was held in the Assembly hall of the old building. I believe that, if I remember rightly, the boys of the upper classes amused themselves, as they stood outside, with sods and bean-blowers. Who ever could imagine that young gentlemen would amuse themselves with bean-blowers!

About this time our class colors were chosen. A competent committee was placed in charge of this, and finally submitted to the class several colors, among which were royal purple and gold, which we have been proud to wear ever since.

After our vacation at Christmas time, we held a re-election of officers. Since our first president declined to serve again, Elliot B. Hughes was elected to fill his place. Our other officers retained their positions.

Our Freshman year would not have been complete had it not been for a sleigh-ride, that was held in February. Mr. Burke and Miss Clapp went with us, and proved themselves able chaperons. Mr. Burke made fun for all with his stories, of which he has always an abundance.

The excitement caused by the sleigh-ride having subsided, we again became restless, for our class has always had the reputation of wanting some excitement all the time; on this account we decided to have another social, which was held on the evening of March 23, 1901. This social was under the charge of a committee, who knew how to make others, as well as themselves, have a good time. This time, a dignified Senior, supposing that the ice-cream was in room 8, thought he would gain an entrance to this room. Some of his friends procured a ladder, and held it for him; upon reaching the window-sill, he gave them orders to take it away. This they did, but his plan could work no further, since the window was locked, and he was up there alone. When his friends came back, he was helped from his place of captivity, and although he attempted other plans, he was unsuccessful. These little affairs never disturbed those inside.

In June of this year death visited our class, and took from our midst one of our class-mates, Miss Martha Spear.

Then came our annual summer vacation, after

GRADUATING CLASS

which we returned once more to school. Prompt as usual, and anxious to have all necessary business transacted as soon as possible, we held our first class-meeting of the Sophomore year on the Wednesday after the opening of school. The officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: J. Royden Gilbert, president; Gertrude E. Browne, vice-president; Annie L. Halleran, secretary, and Russell Hyde, treasurer. The matter of a social was considered. This social, the first and last of our Sophomore year, and in fact the only one held by any class that year, was in Reynolds hall. Now that we were Sophomores the hall of the old building did not seem to suit us at all. This year we enjoyed more dancing, and invited more guests, than we had formerly. For this we have won quite a reputation, and to say that a social is conducted by '04 always attracts graduates of the school, who were then in the upper classes. During this social some disturbance was made outside, and on this account the Seniors nearly lost their dance. Of course, when a class-meeting was called to see whether we were willing that they should have their dance, we were only too willing. It seemed to us as if we should be rewarded by them, if we upheld their rights. This was a proof of our loyalty to the Class of 1902.

During this year several of our boys made their first appearance in long pants. Such airs as they put on, and such disdainful glances as they cast upon us! In fact, it was prophesied of Chester that his long pants and troubled frown would, some day, make him an important member of the class.

The Seniors boasted that the teachers were working over time to fill up the enlarged craniums of the Juniors and Sophomores. This could not, of course, have had reference to our C D division, who actually translated four lines of German in recitation, and were so interested that they used to go back afternoons. This division, judging that the class ought to have a motto, chose for themselves, "Ego non timeo, or "I am not afraid." They have most always succeeded in keeping this motto.

Our class was distinguished by two rival fortune-tellers. Annie told hers in school, where she requested all to come early and avoid the rush. You know she has always been fond of coming early, and thereby avoiding a rush. Raymah's fortune-telling not only relieved you in mind, but also in pocket, for hers were told at the candy sale.

Some members discovered a new fact in Physics, that gravity and whispering had like powers, in that they both drew down; in the case of whispering, from the back settee to the front. Not only was this found true in Mr. Watt's recitation, but also in room 6. The A division had many illustrious members in its Geometry recitation. Winslow performed marvelous feats with chocolates, and Hazel wrote poems on every subject suggested to her. Mr. Watts found that it was hard for some of us to cross the floor without making a great deal of noise, and suggested that if we were rubber-tired, it might possibly make some difference. However, he did not seem to think that we might be geometry-tired. Mabel could not recite at times, because she had a cold and was hoarse from,—well, eating candy.

Winslow's baby ways were fast disappearing, although he had to be strapped to his chair occasionally. As for Dana, he could not contain himself, even in Latin, but must, by force of habit, due to victories in base-ball, yell "Hurrah!" in Latin class.

A few more months passed, and we became Juniors. On a few of us was now conferred the honor of being allowed to sit in room 8 with the Seniors. Naturally we were very meek, since we felt so abashed by those Seniors. The first meeting of the year was called on the first Thursday of school in room 3 by President Gilbert, to organize the class. Now, Chester's prophecy was fulfilled, for he was made president of the class, with Dorothy L. Mosher, as vice-president, and Annie L. Halleran, secretary and treasurer. The matter of a class social was considered immediately, since we had not had one for such a long time. This social was held in Reynold's hall, the first of October, the usual number of "outsiders," if such they may be called, being present as our honored guests.

There were some members of the class, who desired pins, and this matter was taken into consideration. To our surprise, the committee in charge, found that the class was in debt. You know that even in the best of families, there are some things that do not run smoothly; such was the case in our class. The committee tried to clear this debt, and taxed each member of the class fifteen cents. The task of this committee was not at all agreeable, and they attained a reputation for their ability to collect money, but not until Mr. Eaton mentioned the subject at a class meeting.

We attempted to have a sleigh ride, but owing to a severe storm on the date set, and not much sleighing afterwards, this project had to be given up. Another social took the place of this sleigh-ride.

Before entering the new building, the Class of 1903 thought that they would make use of the new flag-pole. One morning, when we entered school, many were surprised to see a white flag with red figures, floating from the top of this new flag-pole. To tell the truth, although we did not eare to see it there, we considered it very pretty. The raising of this flag was done by the boys of '03 when the other classes, and, in faet, the girls of their own class were unaware. This flag floated until noon, when Mr. Watts reports that he saw some fellows of '04 take it down. It had not been gone many days, before we saw that it had been returned to its plaee. Although '04 had lost it onee, they made another attempt to get it, and were sueeessful.

Time sped on until April Fool's Day. On this day all was quiet for a few moments in the English reeitation of the A. division. Suddenly Lillian laughed, and we found her the vietim of an "April fool" of Dana's. This aroused even Miss Allard's curiosity. All that could be seen was some thread, that Lillian pulled without ceasing from the lapel of Dana's eoat. Miss Allard ealled him to her desk, and questioned him. She then eonfessed to the class that her curiosity had, for onee, gotten the best of her.

Before our April vacation, we paeked our books, and took them to the new building. Most of the boys of the B. division had new red bandannas, with whieh they eelebrated the oeeasion. It seemed as if it were merely a dream. Although there were many memories connected with the old building, we were only too glad to leave it. The new building seemed strange at first, and in fact, some of us have been known to be late at the beginning of reeitation on aeeount of losing our way in this building.

The next thing that we naturally thought of, after the excitement of moving had passed over, was the banquet, whieh we should tender to the elass of 1903. The eommittee of arrangement held many meetings in the library, and so, of eourse, this offered them many subjeets for eonversation. The banquet was held June fifth, and the soeial suceess well repaid the eommittee for its efforts. We listened with pleasure to the life whieh the Class of 1903 had led, and were to lead. The boys who did not danee, amused themselves, so it seemed, by a pillow fight, for many of the pillows of the eosey eorner needed a stitch the next morning.

Time quickly passed until graduation once more eame around. During the exercises at graduation, '03 was kindly given a last glanee at their flag, which now we believe, lies in Dana's hands—so ended our Junior year.

It was with heavy hearts that we returned in September, to beeome Seniors, for a few days before the opening of sehool, one of our class-mates, dear to all, although not intimately known by all, had been ealled from this life to join the many who have passed beyond. It seemed each day for awhile that we ought to see and hear Ethel in our recitations. Of her it may indeed have been said:

"Love took up the harp of Life,
And smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self,
That, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

On aeeount of the strong impression whieh her pure and loving character had made on us, we desired to leave some lasting tribute in remembranee of her. Therefore we chose Rossetti's painting of "The Blessed Damozel," illustrating his lines:

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the golden bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

"Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn:
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

"Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers:
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years."

Our class was organized for its Senior year with the following offieers:—E. Winslow Fiske, president, Dorothy L. Mosher, viee-president, and Annie L. Halleran, seeretary and treasurer. Early in the year Miss Boiee told us that one of our ehief characteristies was inquisitiveness; we have often wondered whether this can be so.

The first elass soeial was held in the Assembly hall in Oetober. Although a driving rain made it rather unpleasant outside, those inside enjoyed themselves. The evening was spent in games and dancing. That night, members of the Faculty were taught the famous game of "Wink 'em." After this soeial it was found necessary to mortgage the eorner of the stairs near room 19 to two Seniors.

The customary Senior dance was given the evening following Thanksgiving, and proved a success

both socially and financially. During the preparations in the afternoon a balcony scene was held, and Juliet suffered as a result. There was also a demonstration of how a policeman's belt, not his arm, could embrace the waists of three girls at the same time.

The marks of conduct during our Senior year have surely been something to be proud of. Miss Boice received one day, a written request from some of those whose good behavior had been such that they thought they deserved seats nearer the back of the room. Others did not see the good behavior in the same light, and the request was not granted.

Our class motto was chosen, and attempting to live up to it, we have sometimes failed. It is "Persta et praesta," or "Stand firm and excel."

When a person passed along Main or Moody streets, about the middle of February, and happened to glance into a store-window, a poster, announcing "Senior Theatricals," nearly always met his glance. This was a new venture for any class in the High school to undertake. For a few months, eleven members of the class had been giving their spare time to rehearsals of "Our Folks.". Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Wooster and Miss Frost, it proved a success. The first rehearsals seemed simply social gatherings, and a time to do German translation. Mr. Wooster soon dispensed with such things, and work commenced. It was necessary to have two dress rehearsals, because the first one was spent chiefly in admiring each other's costumes.

The evening of the play arrived, and some of the girls of the under classes helped increase our profits by selling candy. An orchestra kindly offered their services, and added much to the pleasure of the evening by their music. The audience seemed to enjoy the play thoroughly, not knowing about a little episode which had taken place. Russell proved himself the very one, who was needed, and few knew that anything had happened. Some of the boys of '03, we suppose simply because they wished to hinder the progress of our play, had contrived a scheme that brought the laugh back on them. Chester or "Phil" of that evening, was the unlucky victim, and proved himself the smartest of all. For his entertainment, they had planned a ride to Waverley, where they came near remaining, and which might have proved a suitable place for them. While in Waverley they decided to have a hot soda, and Chester, having had his, went out to fondle the horses. He saw his opportunity to escape, and, whipping up the horses, left the others to their own resources. They followed him, but, after a wild drive, Chester reached Endecott hall in time to finish the act. Thus we came again into contact with the Class of 1903.

The proceeds of our play, which was given for the benefit of athletics, were more than sufficient to clear the foot-ball debt. About the surplus, a rather hot class meeting was held, and, after much debating, it was decided to divide the surplus equally between the crew, and the base-ball team.

Shortly before this, Miss Boice had been obliged to leave us on account of ill-health, and her place was filled by Miss Gibbs. Miss Gibbs agrees with Mr. Eaton that there is a family resemblance between certain members of the class. One day, the B. division manifested their helpfulness to Miss Boice by carrying out a suggestion, which she had previously made. She said that the Sophomore boys were in the habit of putting on the board, while she was in the hall, the figures used in the demonstrations of the day. So, one day, when she came into the room, the boys of the Senior B. were all at the board putting on the same figure. Although this was not really the kind of help suggested, it was quite amusing.

Naturally the next matter to be thought of, was that of class pictures, and this task was awarded to Mr. Lemont.

On the evening of March 4, 1904, the members of the A. division gave Mr. Eaton a surprise party, which was, to be sure, a complete surprise. Here for the first time, we became acquainted with Mr. Eaton's "friend" through stories. On the way home Anna nearly illustrated the statement, "Grasp the conductor with the right hand" etc., when she had courage enough to stop an electric car bound for Boston. She seemed very courageous, and daring, indeed. Luckily, there were no passengers for her to rob.

After the April vacation Mr. Dennison first made his appearance in room 19. It was found necessary to change some of our customs. Many of us, however, will never become accustomed to these changes. Two bells for filing, will never have any effect on some of us.

About this time our valedictorian, Elliot B. Hughes, was announced to us, and here again we differ from most classes who usually have girls for valedictorians. Tasks were then assigned to the prophet and the historian. Since the presentation of the class

gift was to be held on the last day of school, we desired to have some additional part among our graduation exercises, to take the place of the presentation. Therefore Miss Martha Jarvis was appointed salutatorian, a part which recent classes have not had. We look forward to this part of our graduation with pleasure, knowing that Mattie will be able to do this well on account of her high rank in our class. When our class-ode was chosen, we were all very much surprised and delighted to find that the poet of the class was Miss Lillian C. Eldredge. The music for this ode has been composed by Carl Safford, who favored us with one of his compositions at the banquet of last year.

And now, at this banquet, which the class of 1905 has kindly tendered us, your Historian closes this record of the High school life of 1904,—a story already perhaps too long, yet not including numberless recollections, of all colors, from a gray-brown to the most delicate rose. But, though this poor record be ended, to-night does not end associations, remembrances and friendships—all that has made our class-life. This bit of school history is finished, but it prepares for what is to come, and may well be described as, "to be followed by a sequel."

CLASS ODE

MOTTO:—"STAND FIRM AND EXCEL."

There's a motto true and dear,
Leading onward ever;
Sweet it sounds to every ear,
Since these ties must sever.

Chorus: Firmly standing day by day,
Evermore excelling;
Gaining courage all the way,
Every fear dispelling.

Happy school-days, that have fled,
Filled with work and pleasure,
Teachers who have wisely led
Lovingly we treasure.

Chorus:

As we enter paths so new,
May our watch-word guide us;
May we loyal be and true
Through what e'er betide us.

Chorus:

LILLIAN CHARLOTTE ELDREDGE.

Atwood Metz Fiske
Glancy Eaton Gilbert, Capt. Farley
McCormick, Cox. C. Chase, Cox.

1904 1st AND 2nd CREWS

VALEDICTORY

ELLIOT B. HUGHES.

Friends, teachers, school-mates, we the members of the class of 1904, have for the last time assembled as a class. Tonight marks the close of our four years in the Waltham High school—four years of broad opportunities, from which we have already gained pleasure and knowledge. On such an occasion, it is fitting that we consider, briefly, what our aim in life should be.

I am asked "Why have any aim in life? Why not let events take their course and why not be guided by present circumstances?" Stop a moment. Did you ever make up your mind to take a week's vacation and do absolutely nothing? Did you ever try to sit perfectly still, doing nothing, for half an hour? If you succeeded, I doubt whether you felt very much benefited. It is evidently unnatural for a person to be inactive. Since, then, we must be doing something, is it not greatly to our advantage to be working toward some end, some purpose? Therefore, I say, choose something which shall be your aim in life.

Just at this point in our lives, we should look forward into the future and consider upon what field of life we shall enter. For some of us school-life will end here. Some intend to continue their studies. But for none of us is education finished. It has been said that not one day passes in which we do not learn something. May this daily education, together with our lessons learned from books, be carrying us toward our ideals!

Firmness of purpose, and even more, energetic and faithful endeavor are requisite to attain these high ideals. In Physics we are taught the conservation of energy—that no energy can be destroyed or created, but that light, heat, and other forces, are but one form of energy transformed into another. So with our work, anything worth attaining must be the result of the transformation of our energy. The man who is always waiting for some turn of fortune to come to him, will always be as he himself complains——unlucky. The fortunate man realizes that prosperity is the energy of faithful endeavor transformed into success.

In considering the means to an end, never let the end justify the means. Make the means justify themselves and the end will more than justify them. It was the integrity of Washington, Lincoln and Franklin that set firm foundations to our national government and its prosperity. Who does not admire them and who is not grateful to them for their faithful and energetic endeavors?

I see with regret the time approaching when we must say "Farewell" to all our school acquaintances and friends.

To His Honor, Mayor Harvey, to the citizens of Waltham, the school-board, and the Alumni Association, we wish to express our deep gratitude for this privilege they have given to us in this beautiful new building in which we have studied during the past year, with its art decorations, which are themselves an art education, and the library which the Alumni Association now intend to enlarge.

In taking leave of our Superintendent, we can express only sorrow at leaving the educational institution of a city where they are so smoothly and successfully conducted as under Mr. Parkinson.

To our Principal and teachers we must now say "Farewell" but it is with the deepest regret that we must leave them after four years so pleasantly spent together. Part of the navigation of life's voyage we must learn from experience. The rest you have taught us, and we thank you for your patient efforts. The events of the past four years will not soon fade from our memories—landmarks of a most pleasant journey. It is with deep feelings of regret that we must say "Good-bye" but let us take advantage of this opportunity to wish you a happy restful vacation, and a pleasant and agreeable school term next year.

Juniors, at the close of these exercises you will have become Seniors. May you realize the responsibility of the position. The example that you set is likely to be followed by the rest of the school. Try to bring credit to the class of 1905. Sophomores and Freshmen, while in the earlier part of your course, remember that first impressions are lasting. Do your work faithfully and thoroughly, and, until you have a better motto of your own, bear in mind the one we have chosen. Undergraduates, wishing you all success, we say "Farewell!"

Classmates, the time has come for us to part. Our ways here separate, yet I hope each one of us is looking forward to the future with eager anticipation. New environments, new ideals, but the same method unchanged for us all, earnest and honest endeavor—"Persta et Praesta!" "Stand firm and" by His aid you'll "Excel!"

READING

When the editor of this paper asked me to write something for this number, I felt bound to assent. It was not sufficient excuse for denial of the request that I was already overcrowded with work or that I was in doubt what to say to so lively and exacting a company of readers, for did not the request for aid come from one engaged in a public service, from one who had in that service conquered difficulties and achieved success. He was entitled to such aid as I could give.

But what could I say that would be of service to his readers? That was a hard question for me. They would be full of the season's thoughts, graduation, athletics, vacation, and of these I knew next to nothing. But the vacation season would offer opportunities for reading as well as for play and I decided to write a little about reading. If one of the earnest young students of the Waltham schools shall be helped by what I say, I shall be abundantly repaid.

It has always seemed to me that those books are most valuable in the formative period of life which teach us how men and women of noble character have acted their part in the great work of the world so far done. Books of history, if written wisely, do this in a large degree. In American history the works of John Fiske have this quality. They hold the attention and impress on the mind of the reader the strong virtues of the men and women who made that history. Historical fiction also does this for us, and I am inclined to think in a larger degree. It seeks to make the life of a past age vivid by causing the actors to move before us in a story. Among the characters are usually men of note, great men of the time, described, and if the author is conscientious and able, he has made a careful study of these men and he invests them in his story with all the qualities that they possessed as makers of history, as doers of deeds that moulded the life of their times. By reading such fiction rather than the mass of ordinary fiction the student will not only enjoy recreation in the fascination of the story but will, as well, gain a good understanding of the qualities of the great personages of the times described. The influences thus entering into the life of the reader must be uplifting. I like American books of this sort. I suggest a few that may incite to farther search: Hugh Wynne, Quaker, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the friend of Phillips Brooks, is a fine story of the Revolution, which ought to be read. Winston Churchill has written several of these novels: Richard Carvel, The Crisis, and The Crossing, just published. The first is a novel of the Revolution and Paul Jones figures stoutly in its pages. The last, starting with the Revolution deals with the mighty deeds of the hunters and settlers of the West, and in particular with the heroic campaign of Colonel George Rogers Clark, a campaign that made great history. The Crisis is a delightful story of the Rebellion and the author's conception of Lincoln, Sherman and Grant, appearing in its pages, is worth a student's strong effort to gain.

Cooper was one of our first literary men. It has sometimes been the fashion to gently depreciate the taste of those who like Cooper and to deprecate a tendency to read his stirring stories of frontier life. He suffered some eclipse of the immense popularity he once enjoyed, but I think that popularity still great is destined to be yet greater and justly so. He described a phase of our national life not now and never again to be seen, and his genius gave it such quality of reality that it lives again in the imagination of his readers. I heard President Roosevelt say in a public address that we are a fortunate people in having Cooper, a novelist who has put into books vivid pictures of the wild scenes in which white men and red men strove in the early history of this country. It is the distinction of Cooper that in the Leather Stocking Tales he has put in permanent form in fiction the march of the frontiersman from the banks of the Hudson westward across the country. The tales should be read with this in mind and so read they have a historic quality. The Spy and Lionel Lincoln are historical novels. The latter gives us revolutionary Boston streets, buildings and patriots. The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill are described. The description of the latter is almost, if not quite, the best ever written. Though a little slow and not in the first rank of Cooper's novels, no student in Massachusetts schools can afford to pass it by, for it has an educational value in its local historical quality.

Books of biography, of course, show most clearly the thing for which we are seeking, that is how men have lived who have done splendid things for mankind. To get a liking for biography is one of the finest things that can happen to a student. It is not only entertaining, it is inspiring and ennobling read-

E. WINSLOW FISKE,
President Class of 1904.

THE PHOTOS OF FOOT BALL TEAM, CLASS AND E. W. FISKE ARE BY LAMONT.

THE PHOTOS OF CREW AND BOARD OF EDITORS ARE BY MERRILL.

ing. The saintly Longfellow, with whose life every American scholar should be familiar, said in phrase much quoted:

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Let our students first of all know the deeds of the great men of our country. They have made our history illustrious. I need not name them. They are a mighty company. We move the world because of the heritage they have left us. When Secretary Hay speaks the world listens because behind his solid ability stands the concourse of noble actions by the heroes of our nation that have made it mighty in the world. Read of these men. Study their lives. Do not say you haven't time! Try using every minute you can find. You will be surprised at the amount of reading you can do in this way. Only a day or two ago I heard one of the most successful and prominent business men of Waltham say, "I read biography and I take every interval of time I can get for the purpose, whether it be five minutes or an hour." That is a good practice and a good example. Take it with you into vacation and into all your life. It will make you a well informed student, and it will help you in all your life work.

JOHN L. HARVEY.

PRESENTATION OF GIFT

Teachers and pupils of Waltham High School—In behalf of the class of 1904, who on this day reach the end of their four years in this school, I present you with this gift which we leave as we part from you. It has, for many years, been the custom of graduating classes to make a farewell gift to the school—a custom, the purpose of which has been to express a feeling of goodwill and gratitude, and the result of which has been of great benefit to the school in the matter of education and culture. But let it not be felt that it is a precedent which leads us to make a presentation, but rather that our gift, slight as it is, may be looked upon as a token, not only of the esteem and gratitude in which we hold those who have labored for our instruction, but also of the love we have for the school we are leaving.

Our choice of a gift has been governed by many circumstances and conditions. It has been our wish to present that which is most needed and which will produce the most beneficial results. We had not far to look. There is but one part of this building which will not bear a favorable comparison to the corresponding department in other high schools of this state—and that, as you all know, is the library. For although valuable additions have been made to it during the past year from different sources, we have by no means reached the point at which our library may be called complete. It is books that we need—to fill the gaps on our shelves, and to meet this one deficiency in our school—books, and not pictures or statuary, which have been so gererously provided by the alumni, and with which this building is so plentifully supplied. We follow in our selection of a class gift the precedent established by the class of 1903, who, realizing this need, were quick to see their opportunity and to grasp it.

As to our choice in books, we have endeavored to to consider the general needs of the school, which books of reference will supply more fully than books of any other kind. For such books are a store-house of knowledge to which pupils in the school may go daily and find their wants supplied. No work of a single author can meet so many varied demands as an encyclopaedia can; and an English encyclopaedia written by eminent Englishmen is likely to satisfy in matters of information, the pupil who consults it, and may also cultivate in him an appreciation of good literary style.

Our gift, we feel, is a small one, but we hope it will prove itself of some value, for a few years at least, to those who follow us; and we hope that the inscription upon each volume will recall to the user not only the class that gave it, but even more strongly the feelings of gratitude toward our teachers, and appreciation of the school with which it was presented.

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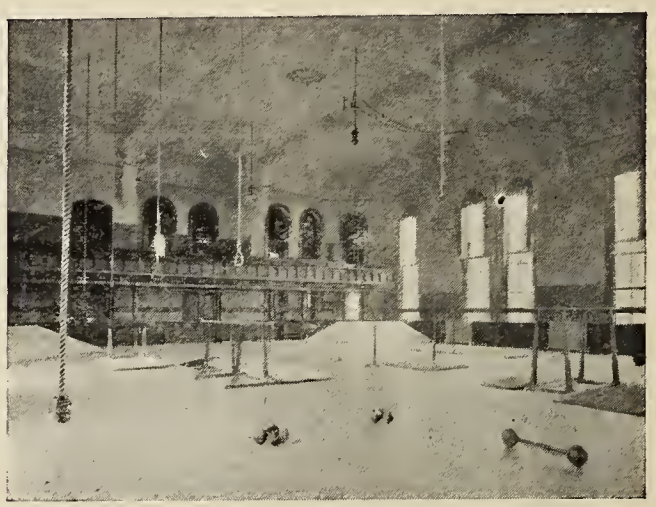

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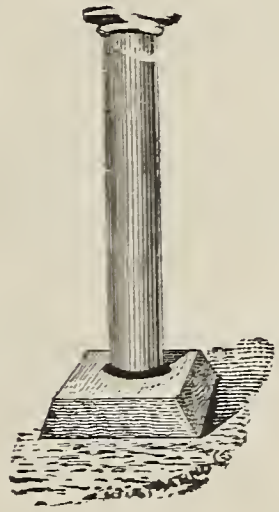

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